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mances was so considerable, that Mr. Hallam has placed the paucity of them in Great Britain among the causes of the comparatively feeble hold acquired by the institution in that island. Did our limits permit, we would gladly add to the present article a brief analysis of the subjects and characters of the principal romances of chivalry ; but the attempt must be postponed, the less reluctantly, that it may appropriately be deferred until, by the completion of Mr. Bulfinch's work, our readers shall be provided with a synopsis of the whole ground over which it would be necessary to travel.

ART. VI.—*The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold.* By his Son, BLANCHARD JERROLD. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1859. pp. 450.

DOUGLAS JERROLD has passed away forever from the earth ; but he has left behind him such memorials of his wit, genius, and intellectual ability, as the world will not willingly let die. Nor are these his only triumphs. Time and death have their separate, inalienable sovereignties, and exercise with remorseless despotism their conscriptive rights over individuals, and all personal and historic achievements,—often diminishing what seemed great in human character, and enlarging what at first sight, and in the common estimation, was regarded as mean and insignificant ; but neither time, death, nor eternity can change that which is essentially true in the soul of man, nor rob it of its moral grandeur and sublimity. For, as Cicero devoutly urges, “Truth is unchanged, and unchangeable ; not one thing to-day, and another to-morrow, but the same great, eternal, and immutable thing forever.”

In truth, in stern loyalty to his principles and convictions lies the crowning glory of Jerrold. Higher trophy can no man have laid upon his tomb than this ; higher legacy can no man leave, and none more sacred and vitalizing. We have had many wits in the world, from and before Rabelais, to Swift and Sheridan ; but if we except the Frenchman, and can pardon

his continents of mud for the sake of his sincerity, his work as a reformer, and those seams of light and truth which burn and flash amidst the torpid corruption, the rotting sensual imagery of his mind, who among these naked and unnamed worthies can lay claim to the moral title of Jerrold? Swift assuredly can make no such pretensions; for he was at the bottom a man-hater, having the intellect and also the heart of Satan, to whom virtue and morality were an idle dream. Neither can Sheridan—welcome as he was and is to all Champagne circles, and, for his wit and talent, to cultivated men in all time—put in credentials high enough to win this highest of all the noble styles of heraldry. Sydney Smith alone among moderns is worthy to compare with Jerrold, not only in the sudden promptness and keen edge of his retort, but in the fine morality of his humor and sarcasm. Jerrold exceeds him, however, in fancy, in the symbolism of truth, and in those grand attributes of intellect and imagination which render this wit equally a man of genius and of profound practical wisdom. It is true that the jovial and learned divine is also a man of genius, and that he possesses faculties and acquirements which cannot be claimed for Jerrold,—elaborate humor, for example, and scholarship; but, large and liberal as he was in mind and character, and ever ready, like his great compeer, to lend his lance for the succor of the oppressed and the punishment of the oppressor, he was necessarily, from his position and profession, walled round by many obstructions to the free play of his intellect, and lacked, as we think, that keen, instinctive recognition and appreciation of truth in its absolute nature, which are so characteristic of Jerrold, in his graver and professedly artistic writings.

Be this as it may, however, one thing is certain; that the obscure player's son has stamped the impress of his genius upon the literature and character of his age and country, with an authentic and royal seal. Like most men who have achieved permanent fame, and won for themselves a definite *status* in the republic of letters, in science, or in art, he had to struggle through long years of toil, poverty, and neglect, before he could command a platform high enough to compel

the public to listen to him, and acknowledge the supremacy of his intellect. But bitter and cruel as oftentimes were his disappointments and wrongs, through the mercenary nature of theatrical lessees, and London publishers, with whom he had continual dealings, we nowhere find the record of any complaint from his brave and manly heart. He battled and struggled onward and upward against them all, in the full consciousness of his own power, and the assurance of final triumph.

Fortunately for him and for us, he had great popular talent, and faculty of popular adaptation, superadded to the solid basement of his mind. Hence, while yet unknown to fame, he was at no time in any imminent danger of vulgar want or downright starvation. He could write magazine articles, articles for the newspapers, and astounding quantities of plays and farces for the theatres. It was during these days of hardship and prolific labor, that Jerrold met his best and dearest friend, Laman Blanchard. They were both earnest and enthusiastic men, and events were transpiring abroad which are now imperishably interwoven with the history of Lord Byron. The poet had resolved upon the liberty of Greece, and had written to the London Greek Committee that he was ready to devote his fortune and his life to the enterprise, asking at the same time practical aid from them, as the hour for action had come. The two friends were discussing these things under a gateway, during a drizzling shower of rain: —

“One is a dark-haired young man, with most sparkling eyes, a broad white brow, and color as delicate as any girl’s. He is taller than his companion, who has light, flowing hair, a marked aquiline nose, fiery eyes thatched with massive eyebrows,—a mouth that most expressively shapes itself in aid of the meanings expressed by the voice. The noble was their idol of the hour. Why should they not follow him,—join him in Greece? The two friends were roused to frenzy with the idea, and the fair, blue-eyed one, suddenly seeing the ludicrous position of two Greek crusaders sneaking out of a shower of rain, dashed into the wet, saying, ‘Come, Sam, if we’re going to Greece, we must n’t be afraid of a shower of rain.’” — pp. 59, 60.

This homely anecdote in the words of his son and biographer is especially interesting, because it presents us with an outline

portrait of Jerrold, then a young man who had not reached his majority, and because that “dashing into the wet” from a sudden perception of the ridiculousness of their position, opens to us at once the secret chambers of his mind and character. In the subsequent unfoldings of the history of these young men it also possesses the highest interest. Jerrold, from first to last, was the same leonine man who dashed heedlessly from the gateway cover into the rain ; a man qualified by his courage to lead a Balaklava charge,

“ Into the jaws of death,
 Into the mouth of hell ; ”

while poor Blanchard, gentle and unobtrusive, although possessed of the finest mental and moral qualities, had none of that iron resoluteness of will which disposes of difficulties as of straws, and bends the world to its purpose.

Blanchard died, alas ! — we will not say how — in the spring of 1845. He had been a successful *littérateur*, had edited “The Courier,” “The True Sun,” and “The Court Journal,” and was sub-editor of “The Examiner,” when he went unannounced into the presence of his Maker. The death of his friend was bluntly announced to Jerrold by one who could have had no sympathy with human affections.

“ I remember,” says his son, “ finding my father in a room, alone, at the ‘Punch’ office. His face was white as any paper, and his voice had lost all its clear, sharp ring. ‘ You have heard, I suppose ? ’ he said to me presently. I nodded an assent. But though he twitched his mouth manfully, tried to look out of the window, and had resolved to bear the blow stoically, the effort was too much for him. He sank upon his chair, and, motioning me from the room, wept, as children weep.

“ At his friend’s grave his grief was so completely beyond control that he was carried from the ground ; and for months afterwards, alone in his study, this sarcastic, ‘bitter’ writer — this ‘cynic,’ who saw nothing good nor true in the world — was heard by his frightened wife, *calling aloud, in a voice nearly choked by tears, upon his lost companion to come to him.* ‘ I’ve called him. No, no ; he can’t come, my boy,’ he said wildly to a friend who happened to drop in on one of these sad evenings.” — p. 82.

The vulgar idea of Jerrold, both in this country and in

England, is, that he was a “bitter cynic,” whom no one could approach without being wounded by his sarcasm or transfixed by his wit,—that this cynicism was the normal condition of his mind, and rooted also in his moral nature. How far this popular estimate is just, the reader can judge from the affecting relation contained in the preceding paragraphs. Though wit was in him, and would play upon all occasions, like summer lightning in the atmosphere of his presence, there was not a particle of malice or ill-nature in his heart. Nor did he ever wantonly injure the feelings even of his confessed and open enemies. He was one of the kindest and most affectionate of men. His heart overflowed with compassion for misery and suffering, which he was always ready to relieve, and with a stormy indignation against wrong and wrong-doers, which sometimes manifested itself in such terrible outpourings of fiery scorn, and such withering lava-streams of wit, as to become almost appalling. Thus, an extortionate Jewish money-lender being the subject of conversation, Jerrold said of him: “He may die, Sir, like Judas, but he has no bowels to gush out!”

The truth is, that Jerrold was an earnest and sincere man, having solid foundations within him, which reached far below the brilliant surface of his character. He had learned many dreadful lessons in the hard school of the world, which, happily for him, he wisely digested, so that he suffered no harm by them; and he stored them up as experience not too dearly purchased, because of the strength and wisdom which they brought him. This experience empowered and commissioned him to speak, not as a wit only, but as a moral teacher, when the time had come for the people of England to listen to him. For he was not merely a wit; nothing pained him more than to be so regarded and estimated. The central fires of a great Sinai of passion burned within him, and what are called his “bitter sarcasms” and “scathing utterances,” so far from being the spleenetic offspring of a sour, angry, and mocking nature, were the genuine expressions of a soul surcharged with the sense of human wrong and misery. These were the intellectual weapons wherewith he fought so long and so bravely the social and moral battle of the people against their

rulers and oppressors. And it should be remembered to his honor that this savage Berserker "cynic," without "love or pity in his heart," was always to be found in the front rank on the side of virtue and freedom. All his writings in *Punch*, in the *Illuminated Magazine*, in his books, and in his innumerable plays, prove the truth of this beyond doubt or question. Like a knight of the old chivalry, he kept his eye ever upon the broad field of the world, for a just occasion of combat. Let Lord Palmerston, who has been chargeable with so many and such atrocious crimes and treasons in England during the last forty years, or Sir Robert Peel, or Lord John Russell, or any other statesman, commit himself by speech or action, compromise the interests of the people at home, or the liberties of Europe abroad, Jerrold nails him to a shameful cross, and pierces him with wounds, whose gaping mouths no emollient can readily close. Let even so small a man as Sir Peter Laurie send a starving tailor to the treadmill for a month as a rogue and vagabond, for having attempted to commit suicide, and he cannot escape the lash of the avenger. "I shall look after such cases in future," quoth Sir Peter. And Jerrold, under the signature of Q. in *Punch*, ventures to contrast life as seen by the sleek alderman with life as regarded by the "famine-stricken multitudes of Bolton."

"Let *Comfort*," Q. concludes, "paint a portrait of life, and now *Penury* take the pencil. 'Pooh, pooh!' cry the sage Lauries of the world, looking at the two pictures; 'that scoundrel *Penury* has drawn an infamous libel. *That* life! with that withered face, sunken eye, and shrivelled lip; and what is worse, with a suicidal scar in its throat! *That* life! The painter *Penury* is committed for a month as a rogue and vagabond. We shall look very narrowly into these cases.' We agree with the profound Sir Peter Laurie that it is a most wicked, a most foolish act of the poor man, to end his misery by suicide. But we think there is a better remedy for such desperation than the treadmill. The surest way for the rich and powerful of the world to make the poor man more careful of his life is to render it of greater value to him." —pp. 211, 212.

It is curious to observe how the critics become themselves perplexed, while attempting to unravel the character of Jerrold. There is as little agreement about him anywhere, as

if he were some incarnate rune or hieroglyph. And yet there is nothing difficult in his case, which, indeed, is one of the simplest in biographical history. Notoriously, he “wore his heart on his sleeve,” and any competent person could read his last secret. For he had nothing to hide, and there was no guile nor disguise in him. A great, free, impulsive nature, hating restraints and the bondage of conventional life, he was never so happy as when he had gathered his choice troops of friends around him at his own table. He was a man also of thorough, uncompromising independence, and, although he received daily invitations to the palaces of the aristocracy in London, he very rarely availed himself of the courtesy, looking upon them with feelings almost of suspicion, as if, perhaps, neither he nor they were to be trusted. Lord John Russell gave one of his sons a government appointment, and, although Jerrold was an admirer and supporter of his Lordship and of most of his public measures, he accepted it with compunction, fearing that the time might one day come when he should half unconsciously spare the rod for the sake of this personal benevolence. He had no contempt for the aristocracy, nor did he undervalue the advantages of position and influence which spring from a long background of ancestry and good family connections. He was a radical, it is true, but not in the low Chartist sense. No one ever heard him, even in times of the most stormy political excitement, advocate any measures, save those of a peaceful reform, to be won gradually by the diffusion of intelligence and morality among the people.

Indeed, he can scarcely be called a politician, though he wrote many political articles, some of which made Wellington, who stood firm amidst the flashings of Vittoria and the thunders of Waterloo, tremble in his white waistcoat in the House of Lords. He had his political theories, it is true, but he wrote on politics like a moral censor and a man of letters, not as an editor of the *Times* newspaper, or a leader in the House of Commons. Nor could he, by any possibility, have been converted into a politician. The drudgery would have repelled and disgusted him, and the bonds of party would have chafed his soul so painfully, that he would have cast them from him in open and defiant rebellion.

Although a hard-working, laborious writer, Jerrold was a fragmentary man, and expressed himself best in fragments. Those short, piquant pieces in *Punch*, how admirable they are! How he adapts himself to the space he has to occupy, and how well he fills it! Some of his magazine articles,—those contributed to *Blackwood*,—tales, the incidents and machinery of which we feel, while we read, to be but secondary, and care only for the fine fancies and philosophical speculations, in the midst of which they rather clumsily move; and those in his own magazines appear to us to outweigh in value, as idiomatic and genuine performances, all his printed books, except "*The Man Made of Money*," and "*The Chronicles of Clovernook*." "*The Story of a Feather*," so gentle and tender, so sincere and earnest, which appeared in *Punch*, is one of his highest achievements, although it is easy to see how rapidly it fell from his pen.

A catalogue of his printed performances, including his plays, magazine articles, pamphlets, *Punch* contributions, and books, would be a startlingly voluminous affair, and we dare not attempt it in these pages. Nor indeed would it be worth the trouble, so far as the literary merit of many of them is concerned; but it would illustrate better than many sounding sentences could the indomitable energy and industry of the author. Jerrold himself set small value upon his plays, although he naturally enough loved the salt-water smack of "*Black-Eyed Susan*," the flavor of which so well suited the popular taste, and established him, while yet a very young man, as a solid power in the realm. "*Time Works Wonders*" is one of his most mature plays; but we doubt if it will survive the present century.

His prose writings are far better than his plays. There are whole poems of great beauty in his "*Chronicles of Clovernook*,"—a book in which is revealed, we think, more of his real nature than in any other of his works. It sparkles with poetic genius,—contains much profound thinking, imaginative suggestion, and wise practical teaching. The style, too, is more artistic than his usual method, which, while it possesses sufficient originality, is sometimes crooked, distorted, and unmusical.

He hated cant and humbug, and hunted that kind of game straight down to death. He was merciless in all such cases, sparing neither high nor low, rich nor poor, when they were brought within the range of his vision. Perhaps he was the most sarcastic man of his time, and, as was said of Pope, men who feared not God, feared him and trembled.

Jerrold was born in London on the 3d of January, 1803. He was the son of an actor and county manager, and his father, Samuel Jerrold, was long the *lessee* of the Sheerness and South End Theatres. His mother, Samuel Jerrold's second wife, was a Miss Reid of Wirksworth in Derbyshire, a lady very much younger than her husband, and possessed of uncommon abilities. In and around Sheerness young Douglas William Jerrold, as he was christened, spent the greater part of his early youth, under the care and guidance chiefly of his grandmother.

His earliest recollections, therefore, are associated with theatrical representation, although the good dame who had the charge of him took him on frequent excursions to the sea-coast and the surrounding pastoral country. While yet at Wilsby, and before his father had engaged the Sheerness Theatre, he remembered well a visit which he paid to the hills of Cranbrook, how delighted he was, and how sweetly the sheep-bells sounded in those rich and flowery dales. Ever afterward the thought or actual hearing of sheep-bells conjured up for him the vision of those Kentish hills, and the beautiful scenery which lay between them and his home. Sunny landscapes and old green lanes; grasses studded with flowers, and hedges garlanded with wild roses and honeysuckles;—such, we are assured, is the first vivid impression which young Jerrold received from nature.

His father's management at Sheerness proved successful and profitable. The theatre was a wooden building, situate on the High Street, Blue Town, bearing a rent charge of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. “A formidable foe was on the opposite shore. England looked more than ever to her wooden walls, and had just added ten thousand men to her naval service. The Blue Town was crammed with sailors and their officers,”—who of course patronized Mr. Samuel Jer-

old's theatre, and thus strengthened his enterprise. The old sexton of Sheerness, who was Mr. Jerrold's door-keeper for three years, is still alive, and remembers that "on the night when the Russian admiral was in port, and gave a 'bespeak,' there was nearly two hundred and fifteen dollars in the house"! Lord Cochrane also frequently visited the theatre, when he was at Sheerness in the Pallas, the old man said, and his Lordship always insisted upon paying double. Young Douglas, too, remembered the naval hero, and looked with admiration and awe upon him as on one scarcely mortal. And strangely enough it happened, long afterward, that the "little white-haired boy who ran about the theatre," paying such reverence to the great lord, had occasion, when he also had won for himself the right of being reverenced, to do his Lordship so high a service as to call from him the following generous acknowledgment:—

"8 Chesterfield Street, 10th May, 1847.

"SIR:—

"Your generous and very powerful advocacy of my claim to the investigation of my case has contributed to promote that act of justice, and produced a decision of the Cabinet Council, after due deliberation, to recommend to her Majesty my immediate restoration to the Order of the Bath, in which recommendation her Majesty has been graciously pleased to acquiesce.

"I would personally have waited on you, confidentially to communicate this (not yet promulgated) decree; but as there is so little chance of finding you, and I am pressingly occupied, I shall postpone that pleasure and duty.

"I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

"DUNDONALD.

"DOUGLAS JERROLD, Esq."

In the mean while, however, young Douglas has many notable things to do in the world; and at present he is a mere child, whose future is blanketed by the dark. He appears on the stage when the occasion demands the presence of so small an infant, and more than once Edmund Kean, the best tragic interpreter of Shakespeare who has appeared in theatrical history, has borne him to the foot-lights in the play of *Rolla*. Kean himself was then unknown and unappreciated, but he also has left his mark. At six years of age Douglas was

taught to read and write, and the first books which attracted him, when he was sufficiently master of the language to understand them, were the “Death of Abel” and “Roderick Random.” His good grandmother was afraid that he would overwork his brain by excessive devotion to these books, and such other literature as fell in his way; but nothing could check his greed for knowledge, except for a short interval, when a proposed walk on the beach would tempt him to give up the enchantment of reading. He loved the sea, and the great ships,—the war ships, called the British fleet, then lying at anchor off the town. He loved, too, the stories which his grandmother told him of Prince William, the royal sailor, of Nelson, and Collingwood, and there gradually and naturally arose within him a strong desire to become a sailor.

“It is certain,” says his biographer, “that the sea, and the glories of the sea, first evoked a passionate longing in his heart; that, sitting prisoned on summer evenings in his bedroom, his blue eyes wandered from the well-thumbed ‘Death of Abel’ to search over the water; and that great visions of Nelsons afloat under victorious bunting, of flying Frenchmen, and gallant boarding-parties, of prizes in tow, and the grateful cheers from English shores, glowed in his heart. That ardent temper, that white-hot energy, which pulsed through him in after life, and made his utterances all vehement, whether right or wrong, showed in the boy whose daily walks were in the midst of gallant sailors scarred by war, come home to be glorified by their countrymen.”—pp. 17, 18.

Accordingly, in 1813, when young Douglas was eleven years of age, and his sea-fever was at its height, he was sent as midshipman on board the guard-ship Namur, then lying at the Nore, under the command of Captain Austen. Here for a time things went on pleasantly enough. The captain was kind to him, and allowed him to keep pigeons, and to read Buffon’s Natural History in the cabin. On the whole, however, the few months which he seems to have spent here must have been very monotonous. At length, on the 24th of April, 1815, he was transferred to his Majesty’s brig Ernest, with prospect of immediate actual sea-service. It was on the eve of Waterloo, and Napoleon’s star was already flickering, soon to sink forever. The Ernest was to convoy transports carrying troops and military stores to Ostend,—a commission which she faith-

fully executed,—and then go to sea again on a cruise. Bad weather came on, and the brig, being now off Cuxhaven, put into the harbor and anchored there. The captain went on shore and took Douglas with him, leaving him in charge of the boat. Two of the men presently asked leave of absence for a short time, to purchase fruit. The unsuspecting midshipman readily granted it, and only once afterward did he see either of them again. This once was many years later, in London, when Jerrold, struck with the face of a baker who was looking in at a shop-window, paused to examine it. He recognized the man at once. He was one of the deserters; and Jerrold, taking him by the shoulder and looking into his pasty eyes, said to him, with a most comical expression: “I say, my friend, don’t you think you’ve been rather a long time about that fruit?”

The last duty performed by the Ernest, while Douglas was in service, was conveying some of the soldiers who were wounded at Waterloo from the Downs to Sheerness; for Napoleon’s star had now set, and Europe was rejoicing in the anticipation of a permanent peace. On the 21st of October, 1815, Douglas William Jerrold, “volunteer of the first class,” recovered his freedom, and went on shore to fight the great battle of life.

Unhappily, misfortunes had in the mean while beset his parents; and when he returned home, if he did not find absolute want waiting to receive him on the hearthstone, he found a most pitiable poverty. His father, too, was old, and incapable of performing the duties of his profession, while his mother, still in the prime of life, had no occupation. Something, therefore, was to be done; and Jerrold, now in his fourteenth year, resolved to do something. He would become a printer, and so earn his own living at all events, in the end. Accordingly he was apprenticed to Mr. Sidney, in the Strand; not without hope, nay, assurance, that he should one day rise from the printer’s case to the author’s chair.

We know of few things more touching and beautiful than his biographer’s account of the quiet and simple household festivity which accompanied his first earnings. The poor, weak old father, sitting there alone in the chimney-corner,

his wife and daughter absent on professional duties, shall, this day at least, have an ample dinner, and, better still, the presence of a joyous and affectionate son to cheer him. So young Douglas, after exhibiting his Golden Fleece with honest satisfaction to his father, sallies forth to the butcher's to buy beef wherewithal to make a pie, returning with a volume of Sir Walter Scott in his pocket to read to his father while the pie is baking. "Yes, sir," he would say emphatically, relating this anecdote long afterward to his friends; "I earned the pie; I made the pie; I took it to the bake-house; I fetched it home; and my father said, 'Really, the boy made the crust remarkably well.'"

Political feeling at this time was of the fiercest and stormiest character. The monarch and the court were alike bankrupt both in purse and principle, reckless of their own conduct, careless of the public morality, heedless of the sufferings of the people. The Luddite insurrection had already shown its sorrowful doings in the manufacturing districts, broken costly machinery, demolished mills, and added murder to the dreadful list of their ignorant and misguided proceedings. Reform was the universal cry of the liberal party,—freedom of speech, free institutions, fuller representation, and equal laws for all. Lord Sidmouth was the champion of Toryism against this cry, against the people, against the journalists. Hunt, Cobbett, and Hone fought manfully for the other party, and with what issues we now partly know, from the general course of English history. Young Jerrold, still at his ease, is not unmindful of those seething, antagonistic elements; nay, bravely throws himself on the liberal side. This bias never left him during his life. His sympathies were always with the people, never with their oppressors.

He had long felt a desire to compose an original work; and once, when Mr. Wilkinson, one of his father's old subordinates, came to their home, he told him he would "write a piece" for him. And he kept his word; for in his fifteenth year he composed his first play, which he called "*The Duelists*," and sent it to the English Opera House, where it lay two years, and was finally, through the active interference and kindness of Mr. Wilkinson, brought out with "rapturous ap-

pause," under the more attractive title of "More Frightened than Hurt." It was subsequently translated into French, and, singularly enough, *retranslated* into English, and played at Madam Vestris's Olympic Theatre, under the name of "Fighting by Proxy," the manager thinking he had got a good thing from the French.

Edmund Kean was now playing at Drury Lane, with the ear of the capital at his command, and with wealth flowing in upon him like a suddenly-loosened sea. He did not forget the poor Sheerness manager nor his son, and he gave Douglas orders to the theatre, which must have been of great value to him at this time. Mr. James Russell, also, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and a fine scholar and critic, had discernment enough to see of what rare material this printer's boy was made, and kindness enough to encourage him to further efforts. "Russell," he said, in after life, "was the only man, when I was a poor boy, who gave me hope;" — and God bless him, we say, for throwing this sunbeam over the poor boy's dark way! Douglas was a great reader at this time, especially of Shakespeare, whom he reverently studied, and every line of whose plays he knew by heart, so that it was his pride to boast that no one could repeat a line from the great dramatist which he could not couple with the next following.

When he was sixteen years old his master became a bankrupt, and he was transferred to the printing-office of Mr. Bigg, of Lombard Street, who was both editor and proprietor of "The Sunday Monitor," where his first critical article — it was on *Der Freischütz* — appeared. He dropped it anonymously into the editor's letter-box, and had the pleasure of setting it up himself the next day, with a notice to the correspondent, inviting further contributions.

From the date of the success of his first play he resolved to devote himself to literature as a profession as soon as his engagements would permit. After twelve hours' hard work in the printing-office, he retired at night to his chamber, and produced magazine articles and dramas in abundance; and his subsequent life, for some years, was a dreadful struggle with sordid managers, who grew rich by his performances, and did not pay him the "wages of a carpenter." In 1824 he married

Miss Mary Swann, daughter of Thomas Swann, Esq., of the ancient town of Wetherby, Yorkshire. His poor old father was dead, and he devoted himself to his family until his marriage, rendering them long afterward what help he could. It was not until the year 1829 that Fortune began to look with sunny eyes upon the struggling dramatist. He was now engaged by Mr. Elliston, of the Surrey Theatre, as dramatic writer to the establishment, at a salary of twenty-five dollars per week ; and, as the first instalment of his work, he handed over to the manager his nautical drama of “Black-Eyed Susan ; or, All in the Downs.”

The immense success of this piece, which, though gradual, was surely and solidly accumulating day by day, gave Jerrold a popularity which no dramatist then living had ever obtained. Mr. T. P. Cooke personated the character of William. As “The Athenæum” said,—

“ Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman’s Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor for an afterpiece. A hackney cab carried the triumphant William, in his blue jacket and white trousers, from the Obelisk to Bow Street ; and Mayfair maidens wept over the stirring situations, and laughed over the searching dialogue, which had moved, an hour before, the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the three-hundredth night of representation the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. When subsequently reproduced at Drury Lane, it kept off ruin for a time even from that magnificent misfortune. Actors and managers throughout the country reaped a golden harvest. Testimonials were got up for Elliston and for Cooke on the glory of its success ; but Jerrold’s share of the gain was slight,—about seventy pounds of the many thousands which it realized for the management.”—p. 91.

This latter fact did not dishearten Jerrold. He was a brave, hopeful man, who would not be killed by the sordid wretches with whom he dealt. Nor did he sit down and rest upon his honors, but worked harder than ever, producing year after year a series of successful plays, unprecedented in the records of the drama. In 1836 he became joint manager of the Strand Theatre with his brother-in-law, Mr. W. J. Hammond, but with no great success. Nor was his attempt to impersonate

his own characters at this theatre very flattering to his pride as the creator of them. Not that he was without histrionic ability ; for his amateur performances were in many respects creditable, and in some instances appreciative and admirable. But acting was not his forte ; he could write dramas, but he could not play them.

From this time to the year 1841, when he became connected with *Punch*, he wrote not only plays, but whole volumes of fugitive pieces, which appeared for the most part in obscure journals. “*The Monthly Magazine*” was the chief vehicle through which he communicated with the public. But when Henry Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Henry Grattan, and others, started “*Punch, or the London Charivari*,” and wrote to Jerrold at Boulogne to join them, a field was opened to him, the value and importance of which he certainly could not then estimate, but which has subsequently proved to be second to that of no extant literary enterprise. It was not, however, until the periodical became the property of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, that it was invested with the commercial facilities and attributes of success, or that it became laden with the intellectual wealth of its best contributors. Then, indeed, it took that high ground which it has since held against all competitors, and on which it stands alone in England, the oracle of wisdom and of wit.

Jerrold set afloat many literary argosies during his long connection with *Punch*, among which were the “*Shilling Magazine*,” “*The Illuminated Magazine*,” and “*Douglas Jerrold’s Weekly Newspaper*.” None of these periodicals, however, were permanently successful. The “*Shilling Magazine*” gave the most promise ; but we suspect that it was mainly indebted for the large sale of its early numbers to the Radical reputation of the editor, and to his fine tale of “*St. Giles and St. James’s*.”

In 1852 he became editor of “*Lloyd’s Weekly Newspaper*,” at a salary of five thousand dollars a year. The paper rose rapidly under his vigorous editorship, counting its weekly increase by thousands, until at last, in that fatal May of 1857, he wrote for 182,000 subscribers.

Jerrold was a man who avoided all public display, as much

from principle as from natural temperament. The only occasions when he appeared upon the platform as a speaker were the Conversazione of the Polytechnic Institution in Birmingham, the Athenæum Soirée in Manchester, the formation of the Whittington Club in London, and the presentation of a copy of Shakespeare to Kossuth at the London Tavern. He made successful speeches at all these places, except at Birmingham, where he was so overpowered by nervousness that he was unable to utter more than a few broken sentences. Nature had not designed him for an orator. He had neither the presence, the voice, nor the nerve which are so necessary to rhetorical success. Nor had he the faculty of extemporaneous speech, although he possessed whole mines of material for speech. It is clear from the structure of the speeches already alluded to, which are preserved by his son in the Memoirs, that he had carefully prepared them beforehand. They are like, and yet unlike, his usual style of writing. We see Jerrold in them all, in a sort of familiar undress, which, however, does not sit well upon him, nor become him. His speeches cost him great effort, both in their composition and delivery.

And now, having given an outline of Jerrold's public career as an author, let us visit him at his own home, that we may see and know what manner of man he was in domestic life. The following picture, furnished by his son, from whose charming biography we have taken the main facts woven into this notice, will introduce him to us at once:—

“It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gypsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window-sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting-jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The Gypsy encamp-

ment is reached. The Gypsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast, and the morning papers.

“The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk, some toast, bacon, watercresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers,—here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly into the study.

“This study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakespeare. A bit of Shakespeare’s mulberry-tree lies upon the mantel-piece. Above the sofa are ‘The Rent Day,’ and ‘Distrainting for Rent,’ Wilkie’s two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie’s kind inscription to the author of the drama called *The Rent Day*. Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua’s sly Puck, perched upon a pulpy mushroom. Turner’s ‘Heidelberg’ is here too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Ariadne and Dorothea decorate the chimney-piece. The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell upon which the ink-stand rests has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study, and lies at his feet.

“Work begins. If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry-bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking, down the side-walks.

“In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and despatched to the post; and then again into the garden.”—pp. 273—275.

Friends drop in, and join Jerrold in his tent on the lawn. They must stay to dinner of course ; for who ever went away empty from his hospitable gates ? Simple, hearty, big-boy dinners they were too, sometimes ; full of fun, and wit, and the roar of a mighty mirth,—all the merrier because sober guests were present, so that the rule seemed to be, the more intellect, the more noise and jollity. On one occasion Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Macready, and Mr. John Forster, after a banquet in the tent, did outrageously perpetrate a practical game of leap-frog, knocking one another heels over head, stumbling, falling, and kicking the air as they lay on the greensward in all the agonies of delightful laughter. Foremost among them all was the small, slight, and active figure of Douglas Jerrold, his hair blowing wildly over his face, which was flushed with animation, and his blue eyes, like Carpathian violets, flashing joyously under the shaggy eyebrows. When there was dancing, although he had not educated legs, he would insist upon a jig, or a whirl, almost tiring his lady partner to death with his grotesque awkwardness, till finally, “ convulsed with laughter,” he would lead her to her seat.

“ He was the most helpless among men. He never brushed his hat ; never opened a drawer to find a collar ; never knew where he had put his stick. Everything must be to his hand. His toilet was performed usually with his back to the glass. It mattered not to him that his kerchief was awry. ‘ Plain linen and country washing,’ he used to cite as containing all a man need care for in the matter of dress. . . . His evenings at home, when not devoted to writing (and in the later years of his life he seldom wrote after dinner), were spent usually alone in his study, with some favorite author.”—pp. 277, 278.

He had many true, good friends ; but he loved Dickens, after poor Blanchard, best of all. Indeed, the friendship of Jerrold and Dickens, extending through the palmiest years of their lives, so full of mutual affections, good offices, and intellectual encouragements, is one of the most beautiful episodes in the recent history of letters.

Jerrold was generous to a fault, and his check-book was always open to the wants of others. He was often swindled ;

but he went on, hoping for better fortune the next time, and believing to the last that human nature was great and good.

"The last time," says his son, "that he signed his check-book, was to oblige a friend; the last letter he received was one in which the repayment of a loan was deferred. Now he heard of a friend who had lost a wife, and was in difficulties. Instantly a check was drawn, and a tender letter was written." — pp. 292, 293.

Upon the whole, we find that this "heartless cynic" was not altogether heartless; but, on the contrary, that he was a man to be loved and reverenced. On his death-bed he was deeply affected by the golden glory of the sunset. It was symbolical of his own sun, now lingering tremulously on the edge of life's horizon. "The sun is setting," he said, sorrowfully gazing at it. And then his great heart—all the flood-gates of its love broken loose—must give death-bed sureties of his affection. "Tell the dear boys," he said, referring to his *Punch* associates, "that if I've ever wounded any of them, I've always loved them." "You are friends with H——?" "Yes, yes! God bless him!" He was patient and resigned. "How do you feel?" asked the doctor. "As one who is waiting, and waited for." He died on the 8th of June, 1857, with his wife and children weeping around him, his hands in the clasped palms of his two sons, and his last words were, "This is as it should be."

Friends came and knelt reverently and lovingly by his bedside, kissed his poor, pale hands, and, with sobs of agony, cried aloud, "Good-by, dear Douglas!" But he heard them not. Forever and forever the dark curtain had fallen over the drama of his life; and on the 15th of June, 1857, the cold mortality of this dear, great-hearted, high-souled Douglas was consigned to its last resting-place in Norwood, not far from the grave of his well-beloved Laman Blanchard.